

THE CRUEL STEP-MOTHER :

OR,

The UNHAPPY SON.

GIVING

1. An account of 'Squire Brown of York, who had one only Son ; and how his Lady fell sick, and on her Death Bed begged of him not to marry for the sake of her Child.
2. How he soon married a rich Widow, who was very cruel to his Son ; and how his Uncle dy'd, and left him an Estate of Two Hundred Pounds a Year.
3. How his Step-mother sent him away for the sake of his Money, by taking a Ring from his Father and putting it in the Boy's Pocket, for which his Father sent him to Sea, and the Ship was taken by the Spaniards, and he made a Slave of.
4. How the Ghost of his Mother came to this cruel Wretch, and told his Father of the Ring.
5. How afterwards his Father fell into Despair and hanged himself, and his Son came Home again, went to the Law with his Mother, got five Hundred Pounds from her, which broke her heart, and she dy'd with Grief.



Licensed and entered according to Order.

The Cruel Step-mother's GARLAND.

*The cruel Step-mother's ; or, the unhappy son, &c.
To the tune of, Aim not too high.*

YOU most indulgent parents lend an ear,
And you a dismal tragedy shall hear,
A story strange, but certain true indeed,
Enough to make a stony heart to bleed.

In York, that famous city of renown,
There liv'd a gentleman, one 'Squire Brown,
Whose wealth and riches was exceeding great,
But yet he had no heir to his estate.

*The 'squire and his lady in earnest discourse about no
children.*

HE had a virtuous, kind, and loving wife,
With whom he liv'd a very happy life;
The want of children was their only grief,
But to them relief.

She did conceive, and with a son we hear,
Great was the joy when she delivered were,
Much feasting, which for many days did last,
Both rich and poor did of their bounty taste.

It pleased God, the child did live and thrive,
Until it came to be the age of five;
At five years old its sorrows first began,
And so continued many years to run.

The greatest pleasure that we here can boast,
 Soon fades away, and very short at most;
 When death approaches, who can shut the dart,
 He has command, and strikes us to the heart.

The 'squire's lady was took very ill,
 The doctors used in vain their best of skill;
 All wou'd not do, the fatal stroke Death gave,
 And now no mortal here her life can save.

Her husband then she call'd for out of hand,
 Her weeping friends around her bed do stand;
 Her husband came, she said to him, my dear,
 The time is short I have to tarry here.

Be careful of my darling child your son,
 See that in virtuous paths he strives to run,
 That I in heaven may see him once again,
 And there in endless joys with him remain.

For my child's sake, O marry not my dear,
 For if you do I shall not rest I fear;
 Let no step-mother my dear child abuse,
 Whom I so tenderly have us'd.

My jointure, which is fifty pounds a year,
 I leave it to my child I love so dear;
 Be you a tender father to my son,
 Think on my words when I am dead and gone.

He said, my dear, your words I'll keep in mind,
 I to my child will be a father kind;
 To wrong my child, I wrong myself you know,
 I love my child too well to serve him so.

Then for her child she straight did call,
 While the tears down her cheeks did fall,

And kissing of him with lips like clay,
The child did to its dying mother say,

Mammy, what makes you kiss me so and cry,
I hope you'll be better by and by ;
I hope I shall, my dear, to him she cry'd,
Then turn'd herself, and instantly she dy'd.

His wife scarce two months in the grave was laid,
Ere he forgot the promises he made,
Which makes this proverb true we find,
That out of sight is quickly out of mind.

The Marriage of the 'squire and the rich widow.

FOR to a rich and wealthy widow old,
He went a courting days and nights as we're
No rest or quiet would he let her have, [told,
Till her consent to wed with him she gave,

She told him e're with him she would engage,
She had a daughter fair ten years of age,
And therefore, for her only daughter's sake,
She was resolv'd a widow's will to make.

He gave his consent the will to make,
And in great joy and triumph they were wed;
But during of the time these things were done,
He quite forgot his former wife and son.

His new wife she was very cross and proud,
And this poor child must never be allow'd
With them to dine, but at her chair must stand,
Just like a foot boy to obey command.

Her daughter she must at the table sit,
 And pick and cut the best of meat,
 Besides a waiting maid too Miss must have,
 While the poor boy is made a drudge to slave.

Altho' he was neglected so we find,
 Yet fortune unto him did prove so kind;
 His own dear mother's brother died as we hear,
 And left this boy two hundred pounds a year.

His father was the interest for to have,
 That he might keep this boy both fine and brave,
 But if he died before to age he came,
 His father then was to enjoy the same.

His step-mother found things were order'd so,
 She was resolv'd to work his overthrow;
 Said she, when he is put aside and gone,
 What's left him will quickly be my own.

*The squire sleeping in the garden with the sleepy-drink
 his wife gave him, and the boy lying behind him.*

SHE with the devil then did straight think,
 And to her husband gave a sleepy drink,
 And as in the garden he sleeping lay,
 These treacherous words unto the boy did say;

Go watch your father as he sleeping lies,
 And if you see him wake and go to rise,
 Come in and tell me, make all haste you can,
 And so she did this harmless boy trapan.

The child with watching long did fall asleep,
 Then softly to his father she did creep;
 From off his finger she a ring did take,
 On purpose of this boy a thief to make.

For as this harmless child there sleeping lay,
 She in his pocket did the ring convey;
 Then with great joy she into the house did come
 And said I hope this business I have done.

The boy soon after wak'd and rubb'd his eyes
 But seeing his father going for to rise,
 To tell his mother he did straightway run,
 Meanwhile his father into doors did come.

And missing of his ring, to her did say,
 My dear why did you take my ring I pray;
 She said, I took it not upon my life,
 You may believe me as I am your wife.

But if you'd know what of the ring become
 I'd have you to examine well your son;
 As in the garden you did sweetly dose,
 I saw him fumbling then about your cloaths

He went to search his son, thering he found
 Then hand and foot this harmless child he
 And lashed him till the blood did run, [bound
 While she heard-hearted wretch looked on

She said, send this wicked rogue to sea,
 Least that he should disgrace our family,
 I'll get a master for him soon, she cry'd,
 For he no longer shall with me abide.

He gave consent and she a master got,
 And he was sent away, hard was his lot,
 Where we will leave him for to sail the main
 And turn unto this cruel wretch again.

*The 'squire frighted with the apparition, falls into
despair and hangs himself.*

BUT God who sees our actions here below,
He would not let this wretch unpunish'd go;
For this boy's mother to them did appear,
One night as they in bed together were.

The apparition told them of the ring,
And how she served the boy in every thing,
Then sadly shook the bed wherein they lay,
And instantly it vanish'd quite away.

The 'squire he was very much surpriz'd,
And finding that his wife had told him lies,
To make him send this harmless boy away,
He fell to grief and sad despair they say.

To add unto his grief we understand,
A letter from him came to hand,
He at Jamaica was, the letter told,
And to a captain there was basely sold.

And as they sailing were upon the main,
They by a Spanish privateer was ta'en,
The ship condemn'd and all made slaves,
Tis is my wretched case, dear sir, he says.

His father hearing this he swooned away,
And calling of his wife both night and day,
Saying, cursed wretch what have you done,
To make a father thus abuse his son.

From home, in grief, he rambled one day,
And to a lawyer went without delay;
His will he made, and left his son his store,
Then went and hang'd himself before his door.

The lawyer finding what he had done,
Did straightway send a letter to his son,
For him to return home with all speed,
And money sent to ransom him indeed.

The letter by good fortune he receiv'd,
His ransom paid, and quickly was reliev'd;
He got a ship, and home with speed he came,
None but the Lawyer yet knew of the same.

He soon came home, to the great surprize
Of his base mother, who with flattering lies,
Would fain excuse herself but all in vain,
To law with her he went and did obtain.

The cause of her, five hundred pounds beside,
Because by her he basely was deny'd,
Which vexed her sore, and almost broke her heart,
To think she with her ill-got gain must part.

Her darling daughter being left alone,
Despised by all, but pitied by none;
She sold off what she had and went away,
And never has been heard of since that day.

To step-mothers let this a warning be,
Never to use poor children cruelly;
For heaven will help the widow in distress,
And be a father to the fatherless.

Let parents all beg of the Lord to see
Their children brought up to maturity,
Till for themselves they are able to provide,
Lord send that they may be their careful guide.

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